

# THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Devoted to News, Politics, Intelligence, and the Improvement of the State and Country.

JOHN C. BAILEY, PROP.

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER 18, 1871.

VOLUME XVII—NO. 24.

## MARSHALL & MAULDIN, SUCCESSORS TO

Harrison & Marshall, INFORM THEIR FRIENDS AND PATRONS THAT THEY WILL

CONTINUE THE DRUG AND

BOOK BUSINESS, AT THE

OLD STAND WITHOUT INTERRUPTION.

THEY WILL KEEP A

FULL STOCK OF

RELIABLE GOODS, AT

FAIR PRICES, And will offer for sale

NO SPURIOUS GOODS. MANY ARTICLES

ARE NOW BEING OFFERED

AT

Groatly Reduced Prices. S. S. Marshall. W. L. Mauldin.

Sept 20 20 1f

FINANCIAL.

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL

BUY AND SELL

GOLD AND SILVER.

ALSO, BUY AND SELL

EXCHANGE ON

New York, Baltimore,

Philadelphia, Charleston,

AND OTHER CITIES. T. W. DAVIS.

Greenville, S. C., June 6, 1871. June 7 5 1f

COTTON TIES.

WE ARE AGENTS FOR THE MANUFACTURERS FOR

Eureka, Swett, Arrow, Anchor and Butter

TIES

ALSO OF THE

PATENT LOCK TIE.

JUST landing, 4,000 bundles of the EUREKA and LOCK TIES.

No tie can compare with the Eureka for simplicity and durability, and we offer it at a tie that is unequalled.

The Arrow is also well known.

We ask your orders, guaranteeing as low prices as they can be purchased at in any Southern port.

We shall be pleased to handle consignments of your cotton, and will give all shipments our closest attention.

GEO. W. WILLIAMS & CO., COTTON FACTORS, Church St., CHARLESTON, S. C.

Sept 27 21 2m

AGENCY

BATESVILLE

SHIRTING AND YARN.

HAVING been appointed AGENT for the above GOODS, parties desiring to purchase will find a supply on hand at all times at Factory prices

SOLD ONLY BY THE FULL PACKAGE.

JULIUS C. SMITH.

Sept 6 18 1f

1871. Fall Trade, 1871.

GUNS! GUNS! GUNS!

DOUBLE and Single Barrel Guns, Brooch-loading and Muzzle-loading. Guns of English, French and German manufacture, at all prices.

Single Guns at \$2.50, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$12.00 to \$200.00 each; Double Guns from \$7.00 to \$200.00 each.

PISTOLS! PISTOLS! PISTOLS!

Smith & Wesson, Colt's, Allen's, Sharps, and all the popular and approved kinds. SPORTSMAN'S GOODS of great variety.

For Sale.

DUNDER and GUNNY BAGGING. Bales of 24th DUNDER CLOTH. Bales of GUNNY CLOTH. JULIUS C. SMITH.

Sept. 20 20 1f

Notice.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED to the late WILLIAM H. HOVEY, are requested to come forward and make PAYMENTS to the Subscribers and all those having any DEMANDS against his Estate, are hereby notified to present them for settlement.

M. M. HOVEY, Administrator with Will annexed. Greenville, S. C., September 29, 1871. 29-1f

GREENVILLE

UNIMPROVED

LOTS FOR SALE.

OFFERED AT PRIVATE SALE, a number of Lots of Land on the New Extension of

WASHINGTON STREET

Leading from Main Street to the

AIR-LINE RAILROAD

DEPOT.

Also LOTS on West Street and Johns Street, (the latter soon to be opened) which run parallel to

WASHINGTON STREET.

These LOTS variously range from a distance of about

300 YARDS OF MAIN STREET

TO HALF MILE AND UPWARDS.

ALSO

NUMBER OF LOTS

WEST OF THE RIVER, ADJACENT TO THE

LOTS OF

B. Howard, Col. Ware

AND

JUDGE DOUTHIT.

THE LOTS OFFERED EMBRACE

SOME OF THE FINEST

AND

MOST BEAUTIFUL

SITUATIONS

FOR

IMPROVEMENT

IN THE

CITY OF GREENVILLE,

AND WILL BE DISPOSED OF

ON TERMS

THAT WILL JUSTIFY

PURCHASERS INVESTING.

For further particulars apply

to

JOHN WESTFIELD, or

GEN. W. K. EASLEY.

Sept 27 21 1f

JOHN C. SMITH.

Sept 6 18 1f

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Subscription Two Dollars per annum.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of one dollar per square of twelve lines (this also type) or less for the first insertion, fifty cents each for the second and third insertions, and twenty-five cents for subsequent insertions. Yearly contracts will be made.

All advertisements must have the number of insertions marked on them, or they will be inserted till ordered out, and charged for.

Unless ordered otherwise, Advertisements will invariably be "displayed."

Obituary notices, and all matters tending to the benefit of any one, are regarded as Advertisements.

Selected Poetry.

Under the Violets.

Her hands are cold, her face is white, No more her pulses come and go; Her eyes are shut to life and light; Fold the white vestures, snow on snow And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone, To plead for tears with alien eyes; A slender cross of wood alone Shall say that here a maiden lies, In peace beneath the skies.

For her the morning choir will sing Her matins from the branches high, And every minstrel voice of spring That thrills beneath the April sky, Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When turning round that dial track, Eastward the lengthened shadows pass, Her little mourners, clad in black, The cricket, sliding through the grass, Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rosetts of the trees Shall shed the prison where she lies, And bear the buried dead they seize In leaves and blossoms to the skies; So may the soul that warmed it rise.

If any, born of kinder blood, Should ask what maiden lies below, Say only this: "A tender bud, That tried to blossom in the snow, Lies withered where the violets blow."

REMINISCENCES

OF THE

COUNTY OF GREENVILLE.

BY EX GOVERNOR B. F. FERRY.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Until the Greenville Railroad was built, corn never sold for more than forty or fifty cents a bushel in Greenville. It has since been worth one dollar, and one dollar and fifty cents a bushel. Wheat was formerly worth one dollar per bushel, it now sells readily for two dollars a bushel. Pork was worth five and six cents, and now it sells for ten and twelve cents per pound. Beef was three and six cents, and now eight and twelve cents. Chickens were ten and twelve cents, and at present they sell for twenty and thirty cents. Butter was twelve cents, and now twenty-five and thirty cents. Eggs were worth only eight cents per dozen, and they now sell for fifteen, twenty and thirty cents a dozen. All most every article of food has doubled in price since the Greenville Railroad has been built. Cheap and ready transportation equalizes the prices of every thing all over the country.

For many years past the crops in Greenville have been short. It is estimated that four or five thousand barrels of flour from the North and North Carolina, have been sold in Greenville during the past year. More than one hundred thousand pounds of bacon have been brought here and sold this year. This seems almost incredible, but it is thought to be correct. The farmers of Greenville ought not to permit these importations of flour and bacon to go on. They should certainly be able to supply the home market. Instead of planting cotton they should turn their attention to the culture of wheat, and raising hogs, horses, cattle and sheep. In this way they would be able to make manure, and improve their lands. The number of horses brought here from the West, and sold to our citizens is very large, and drains the County of its money. Every farmer ought to raise his own horses and mules, and have a surplus for sale. They would find it greatly to their interest. The quantity of Irish potatoes, apples, and cabbage, brought to Greenville for sale from North Carolina, is very large. This ought not to be, as they can be raised here almost as well as they can be in Buncombe.

The grape has been successfully cultivated by several persons in Greenville, and might be made a source of great profit. Mr. Poinsett succeeded in a vineyard which he planted four miles from the city of Greenville. His grapes grew finely, and they all matured and were very delicious. Captain Choice has also been successful in cultivating the grape, and made last year one or two hundred gallons of wine, which I have heard spoken of in high terms of commendation. It was worth four or five dollars a gallon. Paris Mountain is said to be well adapted to the growth of the vine, both as to soil and climate. Fruit is never killed on Paris Mountain, and

General Thompson was very successful with his orchard there. His grapes were very large and fine.

Chick's Sulphur Springs, nine miles from the city of Greenville, must not be omitted in a notice of Greenville County. It has been a fashionable resort for years past, during the summer and autumn months, and a great many persons have been benefited by the use of the water. Unfortunately the hotel was burnt down a few years since, and has not been rebuilt. But there is a whole village of cabins around the springs, which are rented to persons, and where every one may live as he pleases. The Air-Line Railroad runs within a half mile of the springs, and it will no doubt, when this road is completed, be once more a place of fashionable resort for visitors and travelers through the upper part of the State.

We have great expectations from this Air-Line Railroad, which will put us in direct communication with New York and New Orleans. We think that this road will carry a great deal of produce North, and that the city of Greenville, which is at the western terminus of the Greenville and Columbia Railroad, will be the place of shipment for a large portion of this produce. In anticipation of the advantages of this road, real estate around the city has increased very much in value. Captain Westfield is opening new streets in the neighborhood of the depot, and is selling lots at high prices.

Old Charley Bruce, one of the earliest settlers of Greenville, and the ancestor of all the Bruces' and Gilreaths' in the County, was a "character," well known in his day and time, to all the good people of Greenville. He lived to a very advanced age, and I remember him well when I came to Greenville to read law. He frequently came into the office where I was studying, and got me to write letters for him. He always dictated them himself, and would not permit me to alter or change his expressions in the slightest particular. He was known as "lawyer Bruce," from the fact, that he was constantly in litigation, and sometimes managed his own cases in court in propria persona. He was once asked whom he would employ in a case of considerable importance in court, when he replied, "Mr. Duffie if he comes, otherwise I shall manage the case myself, as I think I am better able to do so than any other lawyer at the bar." He was uneducated, and I think could not write. But by nature, he had a great deal of talent. His chief concern in life seemed to be to ferret out rascality, and bring offenders to justice. If a bad man or one against whom there were evil reports, left the County, to live elsewhere, Bruce would always send a letter to his new neighbors, informing them what manner of man had come amongst them. He pursued a rogue, a cheat or swindler, with fiendish malignity. His chief pleasure seemed to be to expose guilt in any and every shape. He was indeed a terror to evil doers. His appearance was very striking. Small of stature, with a large head, Roman nose, thin features, and a frame which could endure any fatigue. He had been a gallant soldier of the Revolution; but his disposition to interfere with every one lost him the respect of most of his acquaintances. He cared, however, precious little for that. By nature he was a born Ishmael. In speaking or writing, his language was terse and vigorous. He was a poet, too, and composed a great many doggerel lines. There was a Northern man by the name of I. Lant, once residing in the village, who offended Bruce in some way, and thereupon Bruce undertook to write his life and character in verse. The first lines were "amidst frost and snow, this Plant did grow." He once brought an action for slander, and obtained a verdict of one dollar. He took great pleasure in a suit with Chancellor Thompson for a very small sum, and worried the Chancellor very much. Old Charley was bordering on ninety when I knew him, and yet he would walk down to the village, a distance of fourteen miles from his residence on Tyger River. He would never let me, in writing letters for him, address any one as "Dear Sir." He said it was too familiar an expression, and did not always express the truth. He commenced his letters with simple "Sir." I think he ran once for Congress and got a dozen votes, may-be. I admired the old man's independence and his scorn of flattery and deception; and I did not dislike his industry and perseverance in ferret-

ting out all manner of roguery and rascality, and exposing those who had behaved badly. If there was more of old Bruce's spirit alive nowadays it would be better for society.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Death in the Air.

TERRIBLE SCENES AT THE FALL OF AN AERONAUT.

A correspondent of the New York World furnishes an account of the terrible accident which recently befel the aeronaut, Professor Wilbur, at Paoli, Orange County, Indiana, of which telegraphic mention has been made in our columns. Saturday, September 30, was the last day of the Agricultural Fair of the county, and a large crowd had collected from the country around, by the announcement that Professor Wilbur would there make one of his balloon ascensions. The correspondent writes:

At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon the inflation of the balloon was commenced, and as the bag swelled out almost to bursting and struggled to be free, everybody was on the qui vive, those remote from the spot straining their necks, climbing into carriages, and even upon the fences, to see the car. It had been announced that the editor of the Orange County Union would accompany Professor Wilbur in his ascent, and great things were expected from the report which his well known ability as a descriptive writer gave every reason to believe would be forthcoming in the next issue of his newspaper. I was standing beside the professor, laughing, and holding a necessarily disjointed conversation with him, for he was busy with preparations for his flight. He had just nodded his head, and said, laughingly, "Well, good bye, old fellow; I'll see you again soon." Then Mr. Knapp stepped into the car, and the Professor, who had hold of the rope fastening the car to the body of the balloon, shouted "Let go."

But he had spoken too soon and was unable to reach the car, but still unwisely kept the rope in his hand and endeavored to climb to his place, succeeding only so far as to get one arm over the rim of the basket, where he hung dangling and struggling. His motions and the fact that the basket came in contact with a rope which had fastened the balloon to the earth while it was being inflated, upset the car when it was about twenty-five feet from the ground. Mr. Knapp fell stunned to the ground. But there was no time for caring for him, for terror held everybody spell bound. A shout of admiration went up from those who were too far distant from the scene to know that an accident had befallen the adventurers, and who supposed that the ascent was being made sans contretemps. But to those in the immediate vicinity of the car the sight was an awful one, and for a moment everybody seemed paralyzed with terror, and stood rooted to the spot without uttering cry or word.

The balloon, lightened by the fall of Mr. Knapp, shot upwards with dreadfully increased velocity, and a scream of terror, which chilled the blood of the hearers, came down from the upper air, where the doomed aeronaut hung utterly hopeless of escaping death. At my side stood a woman, who, as I afterwards heard, was the professor's wife. Her eyes were bursting from their sockets, and her face pallid and ghastly with fear. She clutched the air as if for support, and with one hand grasped my arm, still looking upwards at the balloon, which, swift as an arrow, shot through the air. Up, up, and then growing smaller and smaller in its flight, and then, with increased velocity, it gave a sudden start and shot yet faster towards the clouds.

Then a speck was seen far up in the air, growing larger and larger as it fell. "O my God," cried the woman, who clung to me with iron grasp, "he will die—he will be killed!" Yet her eyes remained fixed upon that falling body. At first it seemed like the stick of a rocket coming down with the speed of light; then it was doubled up like a ball, then seemed to unfold, and whirling about with a gyratory motion, with hands and legs spread out. It seemed an age while the man was falling, for before he loosened his grasp the balloon must have been at least a mile from the earth—and what an age to that poor wife who watched her husband rushing towards her and death, with the speed of light. When about half a mile from the ground his body ceased its gyratory mo-

tion, assumed a perpendicular position, came down head first. It struck the earth some distance from us, and then rebounded, falling again within a few feet of where it struck. Then, from paralyzed fear, the crowd broke forth into shrieks of terror, women ran wildly about screaming and actually tearing their hair, and a rush was made for the spot where the man had struck the ground. There was an indentation not less than eight or ten inches deep, and filled with blood and brains which had burst from the skull when, like a cannon ball let drop from an immense height, it crashed into the earth. The dead man was then taken up and carried to the Albert House, where the poor wife, who had often safely traversed the air with her husband, cared for it.

The excitement in the town was of the most fearful and intense description as may readily be believed. Those who had come out for pleasure returned home in sorrow, and the town wore the aspect of a place which had been visited by some awful calamity in which its own interests had suffered. There was no more of the fair for that day, and the remembrance of the dreadful occurrence will long be a story told by the inhabitants when those who witnessed it shall long since have died.

A Ride on the Narrow Gauge.

Grace Greenwood writes as follows to the New York Times:

I should have chronicled some time ago an excursion on the Denver and Rio Grande Narrow Gauge Railway. We went out about fifteen miles—as far as the rails were then laid. It was a charming day. We had a pleasant company of citizens and tourists, and all went "merry as a marriage bell" in the old days, when marriages were of some account. On this railway you are struck at once with the reduced proportions of everything, from the locomotive, which seems like a small variety of the "iron horse"—a very little mustang—to the windows and lamps in the cars. The cars themselves are bright, pretty, diminutive affairs, cozy and comfortable. It seems like playing at railroading, especially as there is marvellously little noise or motion. Never have I known a train glide along so smoothly and quietly. The little engine "bucked right down to her work," like Chiquita, and made no ado about it for several miles, when, I grieve to say, she suddenly balked, and had to be "switched." We took another horse and went on merrily to the end of the road. Here we all alighted, and watched the men laying rails and driving spikes. The remorseless officers of the road insisted on your correspondent paying her way by driving a spike. It was a cruel tax on my "muscular Christianity." The newspaper report said that I "drove the spike home triumphantly." But I really thought it wouldn't "go home till morning." This narrow gauge road, when finished to El Paso, will be a wonderful route—for pleasure as well as commerce—as it will be almost unrivalled for variety and grandeur of scenery. The mountain views, the picture of river, and park, and plain, between Denver and Colorado City, are especially magnificent.

EIGHT HUNDRED POTATOES FROM ONE.—The Wilmington (N. C.) Journal thinks North Carolina soil will beat the world in potato-growing, and tells the following story of how a Mr. Sailing, of Masonboro', North Carolina grew eight hundred potatoes from one potato. The Journal says:

"The original potato was bedded last March, 15th. On the 20th of April it had twelve sprouts which were clipped and set out the same day, making twenty two hills of sprouts. On July 5th, twelve vines were cut from the first twelve sprouts; and on the 28th of July, from the last ten sprouts. These vines were divided up and set out in hills, which in all amounted to two hundred. They all matured well, yielding four large potatoes to the hill, besides a half bushel of slips for bedding the next year, and a quantity of hog feed. Who can beat this?"

There are from 10,000 to 12,000 colored voters in the State of Pennsylvania.

The taxable property of the State of Georgia, for the current year, is stated to be two hundred and forty millions.

Inquisitive people are the funerals of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.

Abbeville wants a National Ban.

The State Board of Education met in Columbia, on the 4th.

The hotels in Columbia are being well patronized and travel increasing.

The Lexington Dispatch enters upon its second volume increased in size.

The "heaven Chinese" in this country number 69,000.

A number of citizens of Spartanburg have been arrested, a few days since, charged or suspected as Ku Klux.

The Spartanburg Spartan is republishing the "Reminiscences" of Greenville County by Ex-Gov. Perry, as appearing in the Enterprise.

Wofford College opened the first session of its eighteenth Collegiate year 2d inst., under the most encouraging prospect.

Victoria has been in Ireland but ten days in a reign of thirty four years, but has spent one-third of her life in Scotland.

A fire originated in the Helena, Montana, Herald office, destroyed that and the post office, and several adjoining buildings. Loss, \$75,000.

The new international money order system for facilitating the remittance of money to the United Kingdom, went into effect Wednesday 4th.

Colonel D. M. Nelson, who killed General Clanton, at Knoxville, surrendered on the 30th ultimo, and was bailed in the sum of \$25,000.

Secretary Seward, who has been absent for several months traveling in the East and in Europe, returned to this country on the 3d inst.

The Republicans of Massachusetts, have nominated W. B. Washburn, as their candidate for Governor; thus defeating Ben Butler, by a vote of 643 to 464.

The Bath mills, which were recently compelled to stop because of the breaking of the dam when that of Langley mills gave way, will soon be in operation again.

Daniel H. Wells, Mayor of Salt Lake, and third President of the Mormon Church, has been arrested for lewdness, and bailed in the sum of five thousand dollars.

General Robert Anderson receives \$4,200 per annum from the United States, as the half pay of a retired Brigadier-General. The story of his poverty-stricken condition in Switzerland is fictitious.

Two youths at Lexington, Miss., were toying with a pistol. One of them slipped in a cartridge unknown to the other, who innocently snapped the pistol at him and shot him dead.

In the Pope's last Encyclical, the following occurs in substance: That in the unity of the faith and supplication of the faithful everywhere, will come the full and absolute triumph of the Church, and the destruction of all the earthly allies of hell.

We learn, says the Spartanburg Spartan, from the School Commissioner that there have been in operation in the County, during the year closing 30th of June, 100 public schools; 85 for whites, 15 for colored. 8,057 white children attended the schools, 725 colored. Total pupils in attendance 3,782.

The Abbeville Press, of the 5th inst., states: The crops are turning out rather better than was expected some time since. The corn crops are better than they were last year, and probably will be sufficient for our necessities. The cotton will be short, but with the prospect of good prices, and with the lessened expenditure of the past year promises to give us a better financial status in the future.

Ample preparations are making in Columbia for the third annual fair.—The State Agricultural and Mechanical Society Fair will open on the 6th of November next, and close on the 11th following. About \$7,000 in premiums will be distributed. A ladies' bazaar on the ground and a grand tournament will be the features of the fair. The Survivors Association will meet during fair week and will be addressed by General Jubal A. Early, a distinguished ex-Confederate. There will also be a grand ball during the week under the auspices of the South Carolina Club.—It is expected that Columbia will be crowded with visitors.